



SWING SISSON



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



ROSCOE



MICKEY FINN

# FEATURE COMICS

5M  
3

QUALITY COMICS

MARCH  
No. 108

The DOLL MAN  
DEFIES  
**CATEYE!**



LALA PALOOZA



RUSTY RYAN



PERKY



BLIMPY

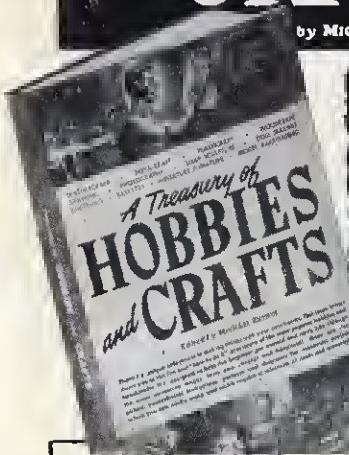


# WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



# A Treasury of HOBBIES and CRAFTS

by MICHAEL ESTRIN



## Just Look at This Partial List of All the Things You Can Make and Do

### 1. WHITTLING

The best woods to use—cutting technique—finishing and painting. Whittrig: Pooch; Sea-Fish; Whatzit; Cat; Elephant; Ning; Sleeping Mexican.

### 2. LET'S MAKE MAGIC

How to perform "magic" tricks; illustrations and instructions for fortunetelling; Mental Miracle; Whiskaway; The Flying Coin; Color Divination; Impossible Release; Colored Chaging Balloon; etc.

### 3. GARDENING

How to get started; simple vegetable gardens; growing beautiful flowers; building a rock garden; grow your own fruit. Indoor gardening. Soilless gardening.

### 4. MODEL RAILROADING

How to develop a home-built, house-built miniature railroad. Locating your line in different layouts—building your railroad—tracks—train set—accessories—scenery.

### 5. BASKETRY

Materials used—descriptions of weaves—making borders—directions for making different shaped baskets—Coloring and Finishing—Dyeing.

### 6. WOOD-WORKING

Tools and how to use them—Painting and Decoupage; How to make: Wall Book-case; Clothes Stand; Dog House; Sewing Stand; Tree Seat; Game Table; See-Saw; Sand Box; Breakfast Table and Benches; etc.

### 7. DRAWING IS FUN

It is easy to teach yourself to draw. How to begin—working materials—techniques—perspec-

tive—composition. How to draw: still life, landscapes, animals, people, etc.

### 8. MINIATURE FURNITURE

General directions on procedure. Patterns and instructions for making complete Dining Room Set, and Bedroom Set.

### 9. MAKING TOOLS

Tools and materials—patterns—sewing—stuffing and finishing. Making a Little Girl Doll; Boy Doll; A Kitten; A Puppy.

### 10. SOAP SCULPTURE

Working Hints—Tolts—Patterns and directions for carving; People, Animals, Birds, Fish, Buildings, finishing.

### 11. PHOTOGRAPHY

Shooting the picture only half the adventure; test comes with own processing and printing, cropping and enlarging.

### 12. PLASTIC CRAFT

Which plastic most suitable for home craftsman—qualities of plastics—working procedure. How to make: Desk Blotter; Napkin Holders; Cigarette Catt; Coat Pendant; Knife Rack; Costume Rings; Pins; Pendants; Brooches; Bracelets; Earrings; etc.

### 13. LEATHER CRAFT

What leathers to use—tools and types of leather-work; Methods of working leather. Projects: Pillow cover, Desk Pad, Scrap Book, etc.

### 14. METAL CRAFT

Metals to use—tools—patterns, finishing and polishing. How to make: Tie Clip; Letter Opener; Ash Tray; Candy Dish; Metal Bracelets; etc.

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# The DOLL MAN



When darkness dimmed the eyes of normal human beings, **CATEYE** sallied forth to do his deeds ... blacker than midnight, grimmer than the grave!

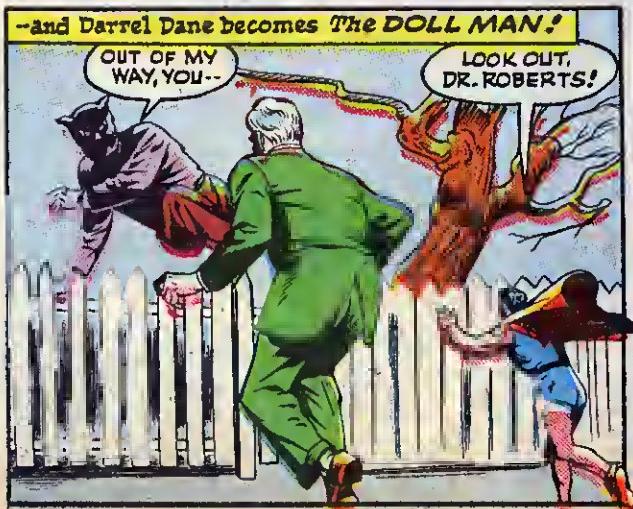
Then Darrel Dane exerted the cosmic power of his will to become **THE DOLL MAN**, mighty midget of right and justice, and faced this terror in the night!

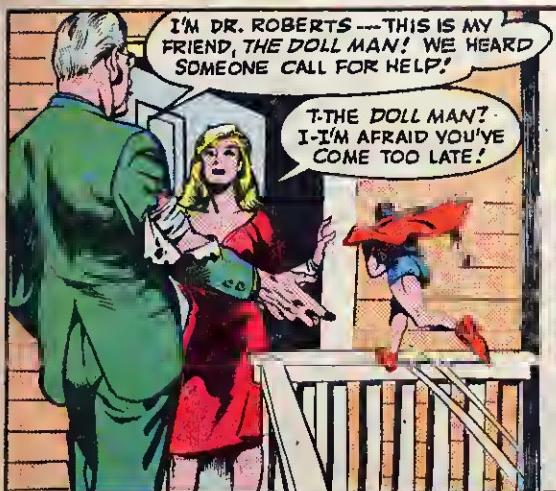
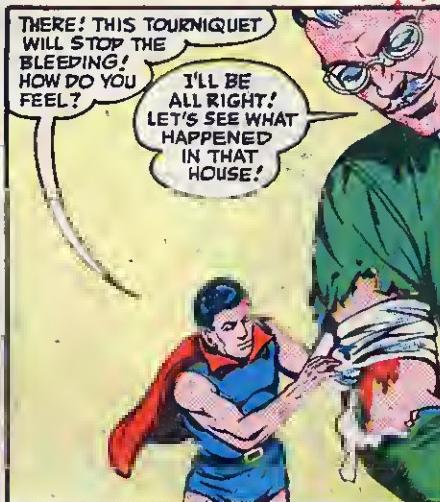
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Night in the quiet fringe of the city....and Dr. Roberts and Darrel Dane leave the laboratory---

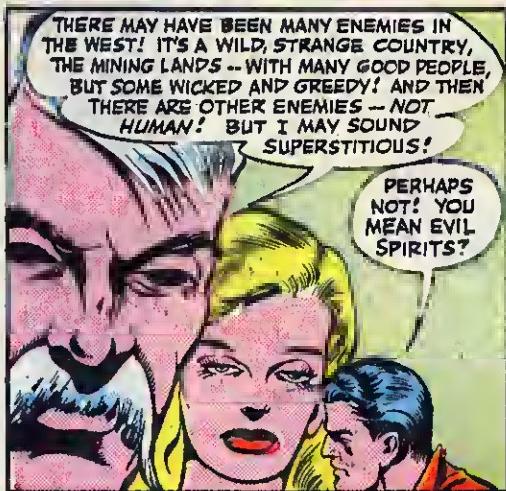
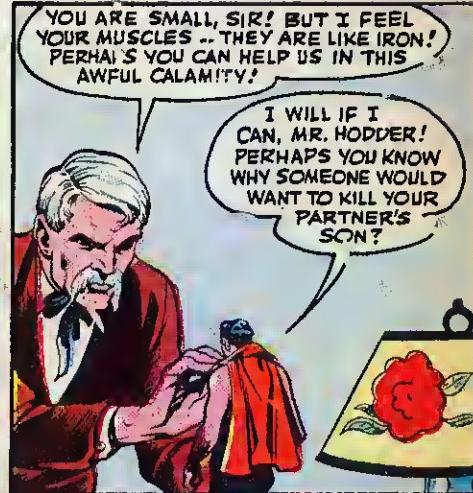


-and Darrel Dane becomes **The DOLL MAN!**

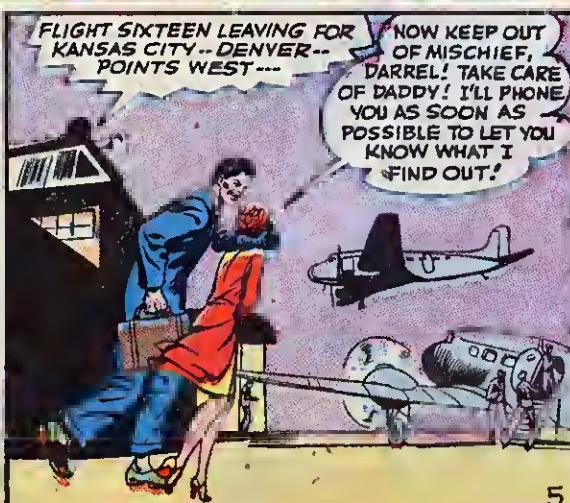
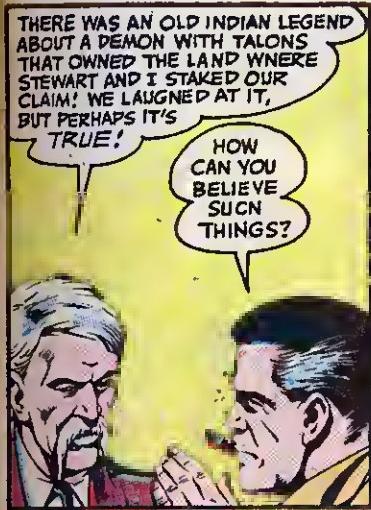




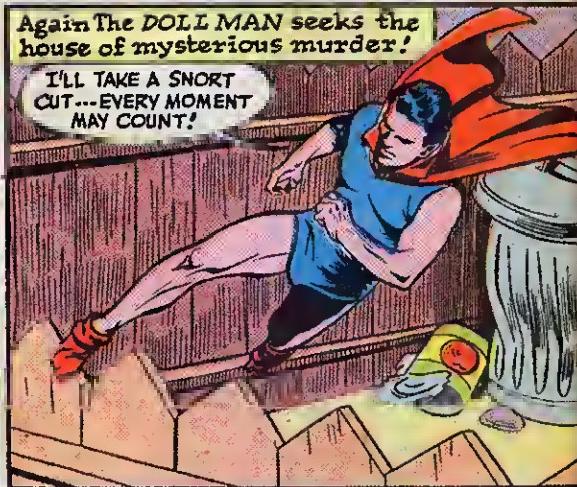
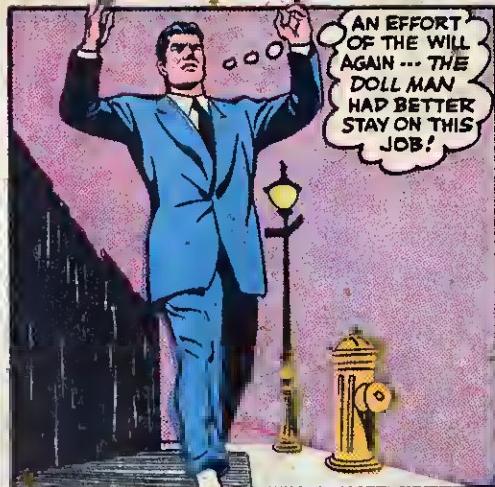
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## FEATURE COMICS



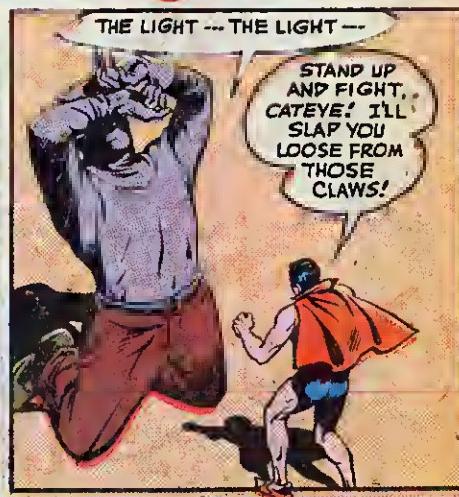
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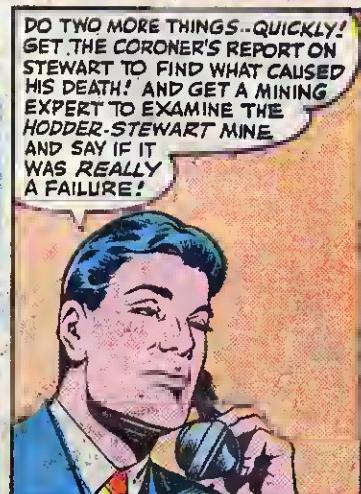
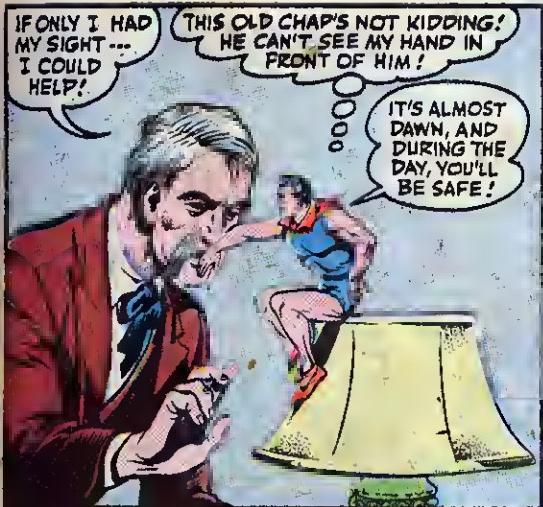
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



At the same time, at the home of Dr. Roberts...

MARTHA! HOW DID YOU GET BACK SO SOON?

WHEN I FOUND OUT WHAT HAPPENED THERE, I CALLED SOME FRIENDS OF MINE AT AN AVIATION EXPERIMENTAL STATION! THEY JET-PROPELLED ME HOME WITH THE NEWS — AND HERE IT IS!



And at Police Headquarters...

I STILL STICK TO MY STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT, COMMISSIONER! I WANT TO GO BACK AS SOON AS IT GETS DARK AND...

I'M GOING MYSELF, INSPECTOR! IF YOU TOLD THE TRUTH, YOU GET PROMOTED! IF YOU'RE KIDDING US, YOU GET BUSTED DOWN TO WALKING A BEAT AGAIN!



A short time later...

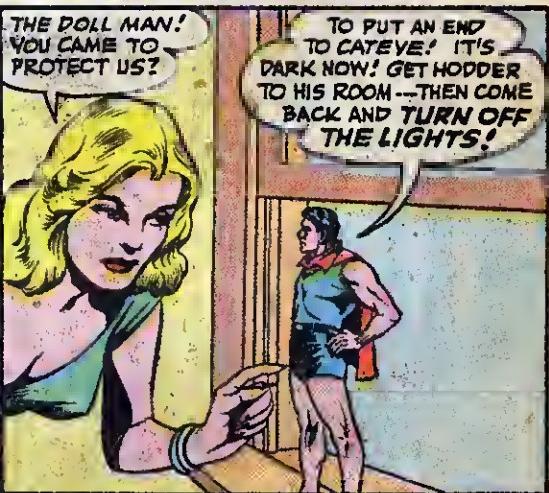
ARE THE LIGHTS ON, MILLIE? DON'T TURN THEM OFF --- THEY KEEP CATEYE AWAY!

PSSST! MILLIE, STEP THIS WAY!



THE DOLL MAN! YOU CAME TO PROTECT US?

TO PUT AN END TO CATEYE! IT'S DARK NOW! GET HODDER TO HIS ROOM -- THEN COME BACK AND TURN OFF THE LIGHTS!



BUT WITH THE LIGHTS OFF, CATEYE WILL COME!

I WANT HIM TO COME! I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT HIM AND I'M GOING TO EXPOSE HIM — FOR THE CRUEL MASQUERADE HE IS!

I TRUST THE DOLL MAN! I'LL DO IT!



UNCLE RIFF, LET ME HELP YOU TO YOUR ROOM! YOU CAN LOCK THE DOORS AND WINDOWS AND BE SAFE!

IF ONLY I HAD MY EYES, MILLIE, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO PROTECT YOU!

I'LL BE ALL RIGHT, UNCLE RIFF!



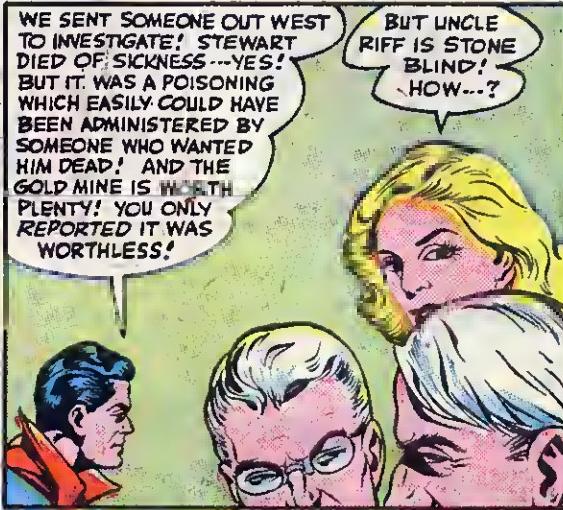
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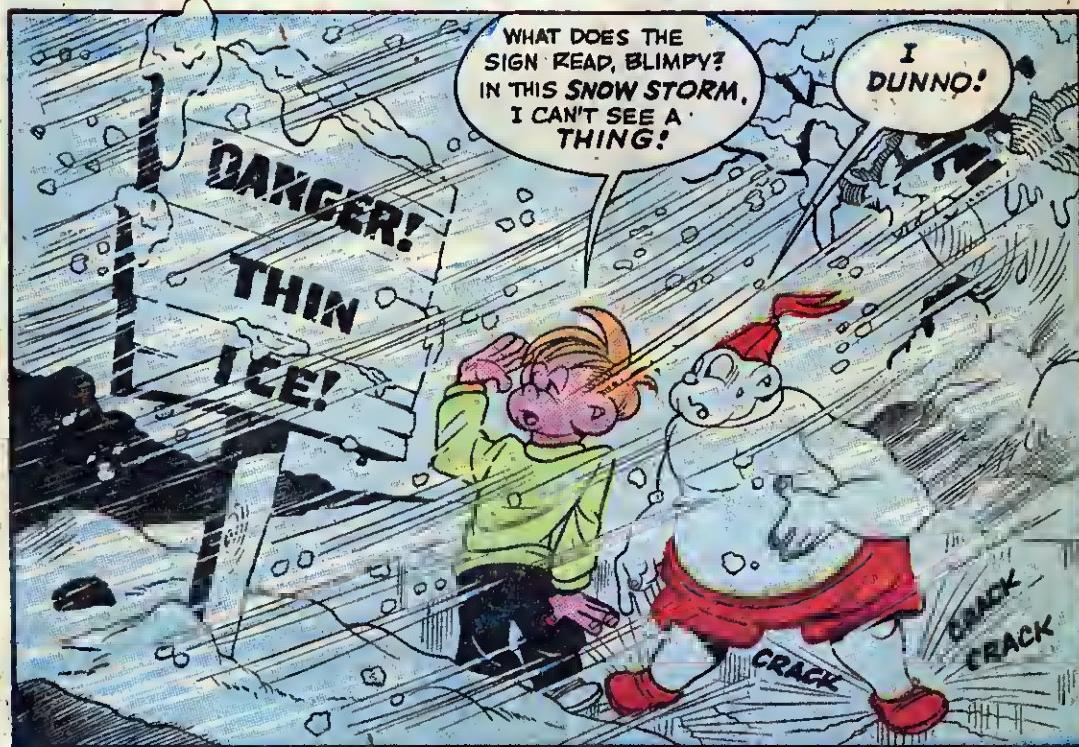
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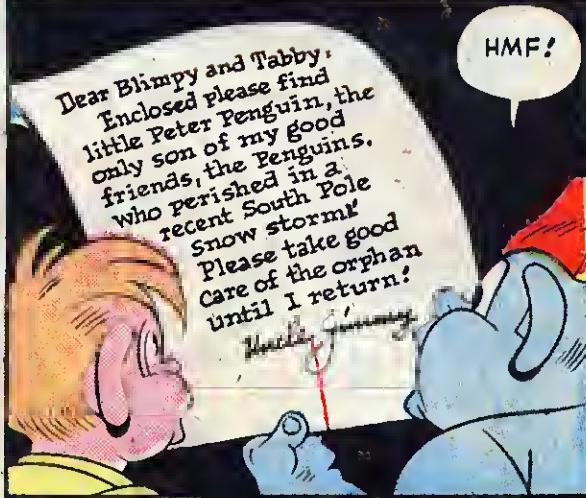
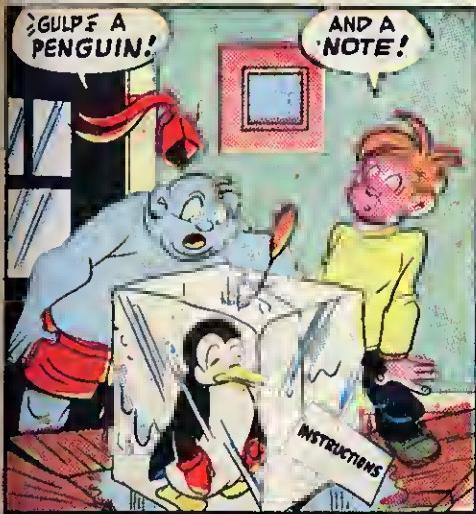


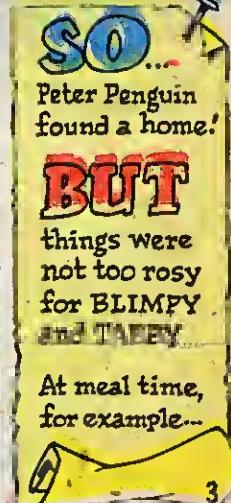
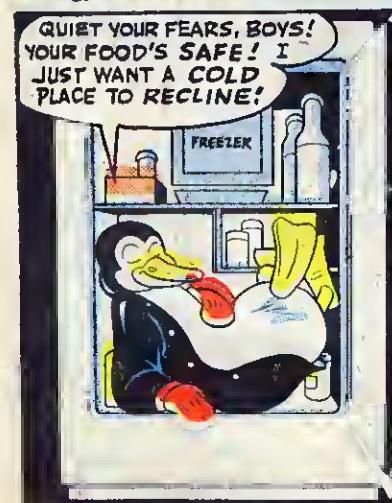
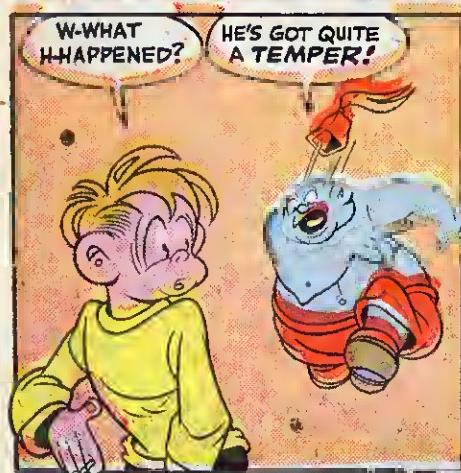
## FEATURE COMICS



# BLIMPY







FEATURE COMICS

Peter would eat between two and three hundred quarts of ice cream, mostly vanilla!

ER... PLEASE TRY SOME SARDINES!

OKAY! IF YOU PUT 'EM ON ICE CREAM!



At bedtime, it was something ELSE!

C-CLOSE THE WINDOW, PETE!  
...WE'RE FREEZING!

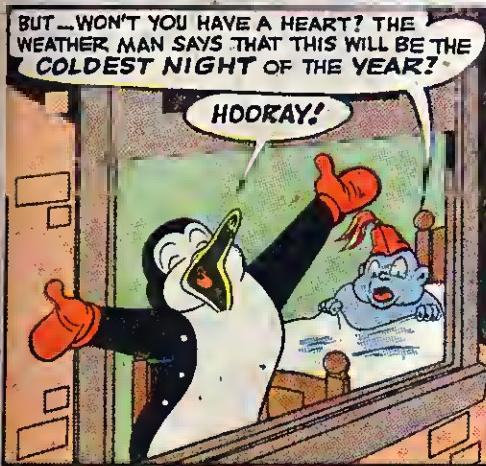
BRR-RR!

WHAT'S TH' MATTER, BUD?  
YOU WANT ME TO SUFOCATE?



BUT... WON'T YOU HAVE A HEART? THE WEATHER MAN SAYS THAT THIS WILL BE THE COLDEST NIGHT OF THE YEAR!

HOORAY!



The next morning...

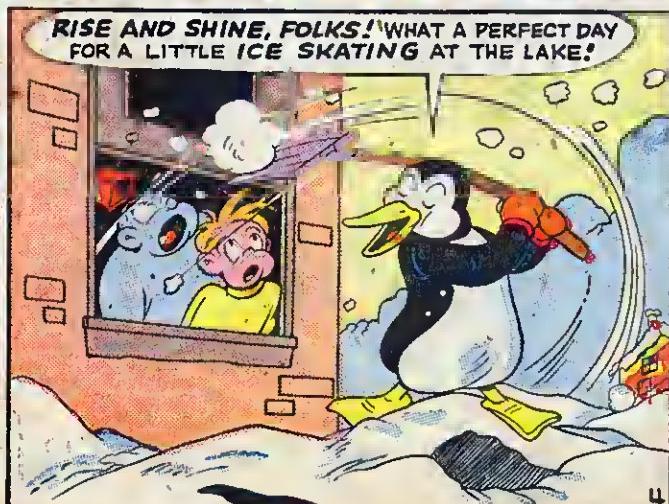


BLIMPY! IT'S SNOWING IN! DO SOMETHING!

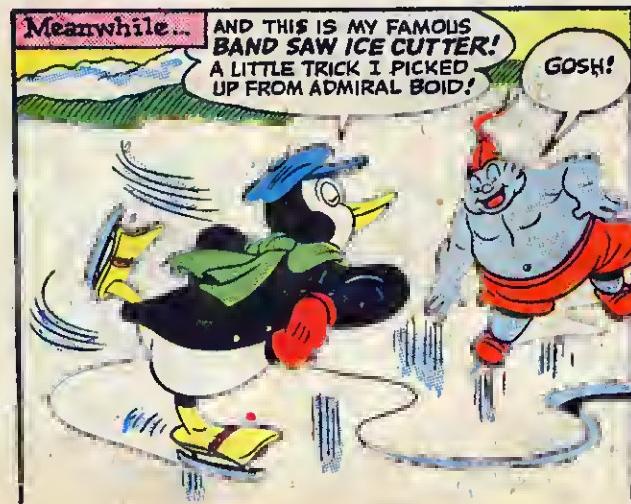
HUH?



RISE AND SHINE, FOLKS! WHAT A PERFECT DAY FOR A LITTLE ICE SKATING AT THE LAKE!



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

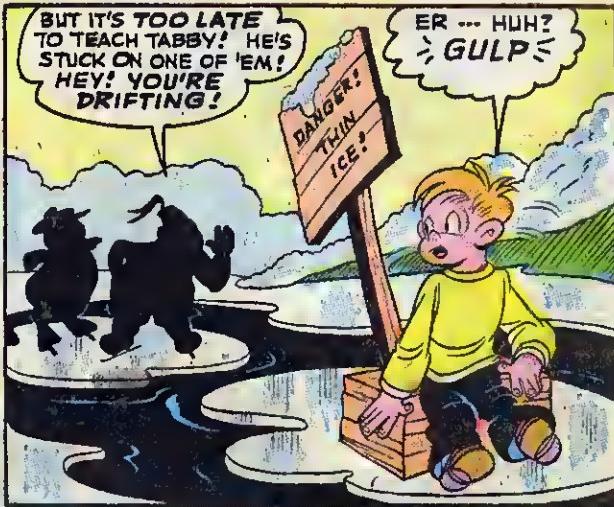
AS A MATTER OF FACT, PIECES OF ICE ARE BREAKING OFF! GOSH! THAT'S BAD! WE'LL ALL DROWN!

DON'T WORRY! I'LL TEACH YOU TO SWIM!

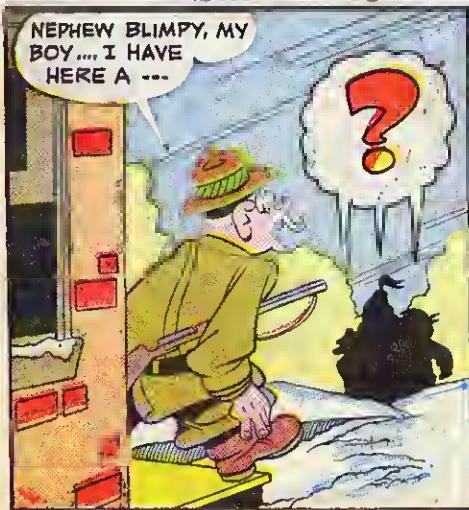
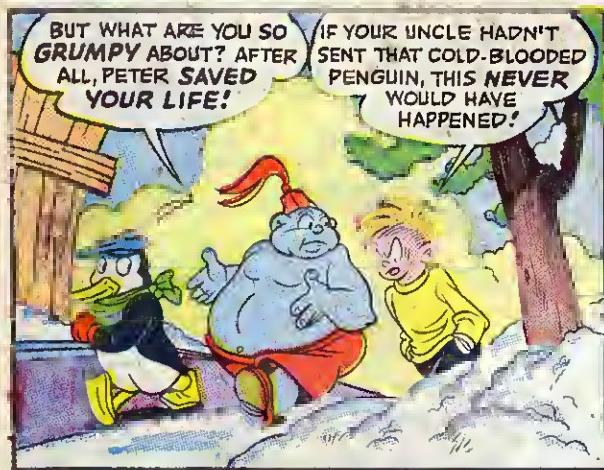
BUT IT'S TOO LATE TO TEACH TABBY! HE'S STUCK ON ONE OF 'EM! HEY! YOU'RE DRIFTING!

ER ... HUH?  
GULP!

DANGER THIN ICE!



FEATURE COMICS

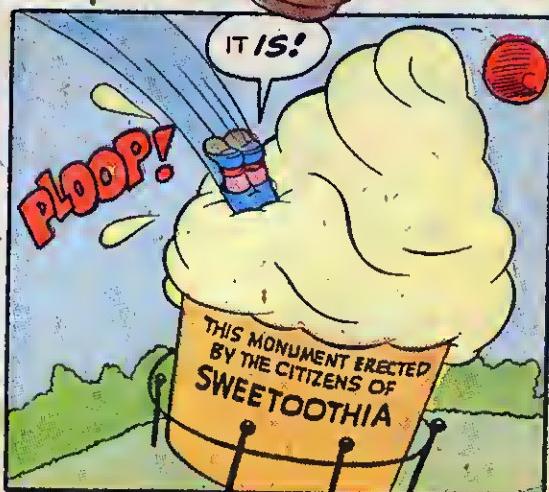


# PERKY

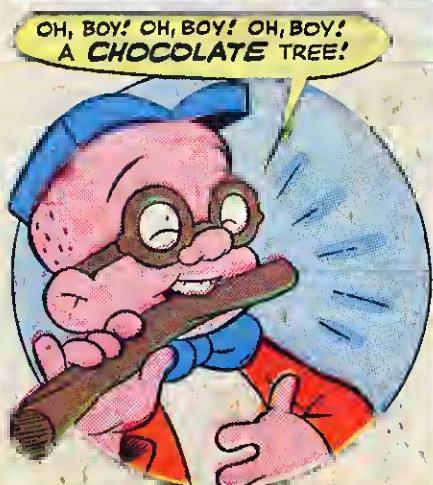
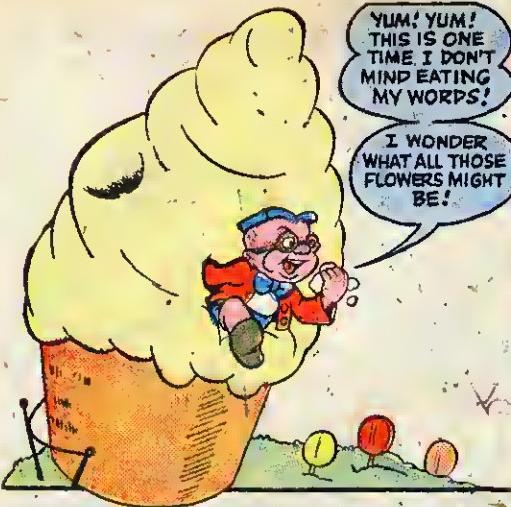


**WHEN** it comes to getting around, Perky takes the cake! It started when he volunteered to get into the amateur magician's vanishing box at the vaudeville show--and vanished! Since then, each time the lever is pulled on the box, Perky goes flying off to worlds beyond....

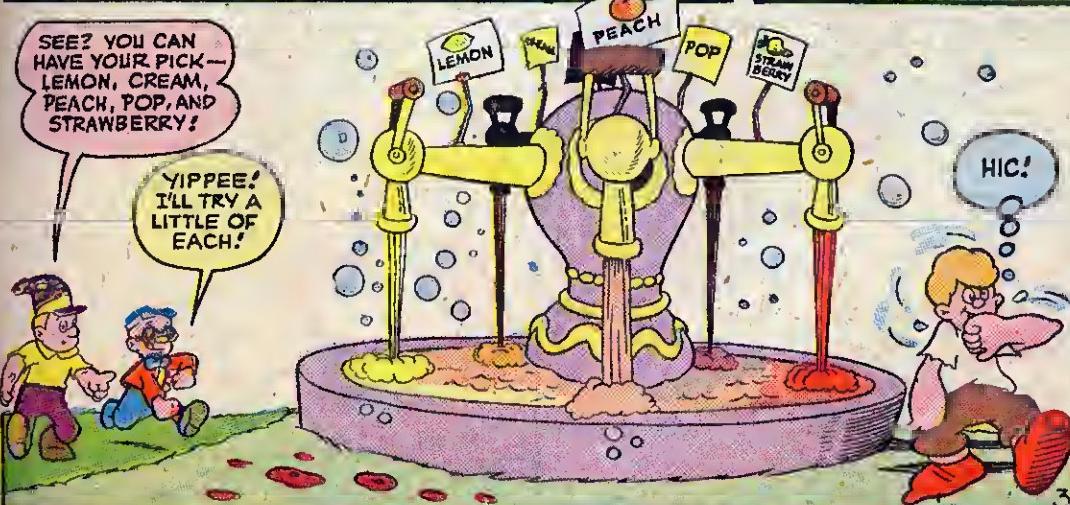
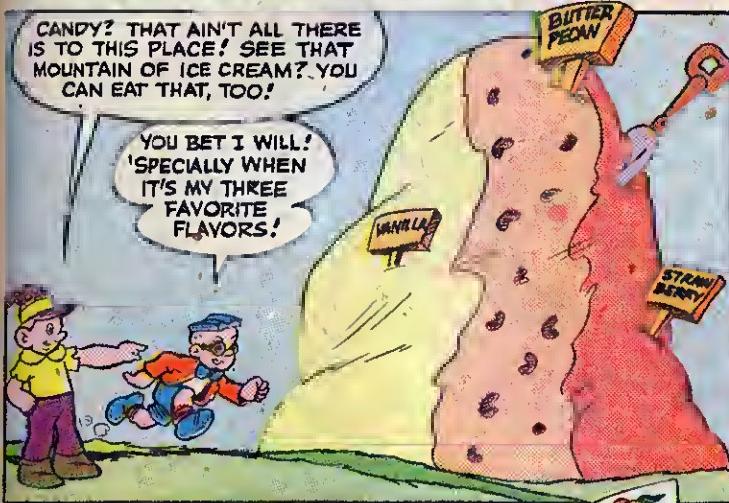
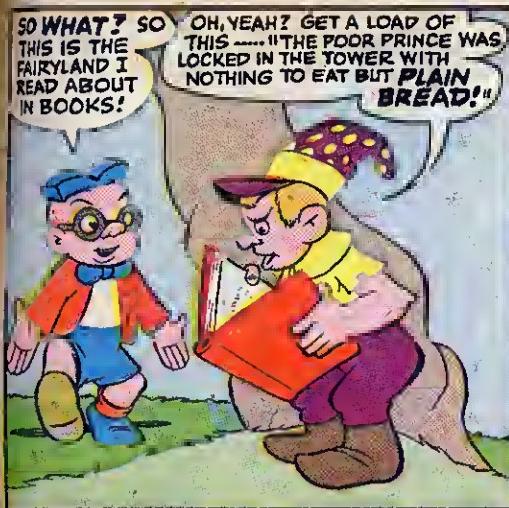
A CHARLOTTE RUSSE?  
NO-NO! IT CAN'T BE TRUE!

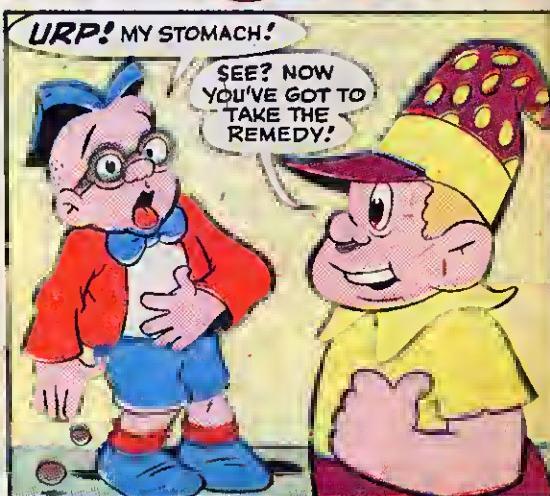
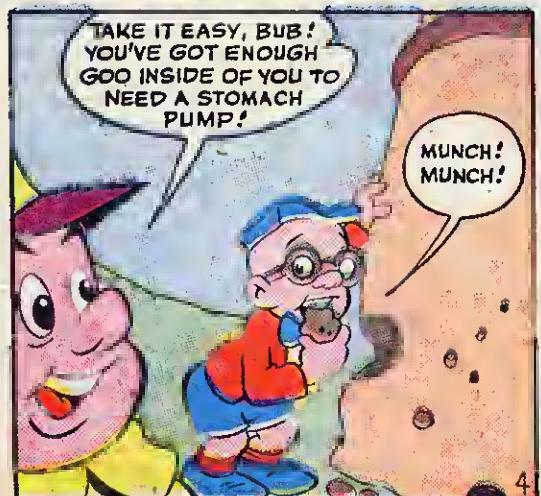
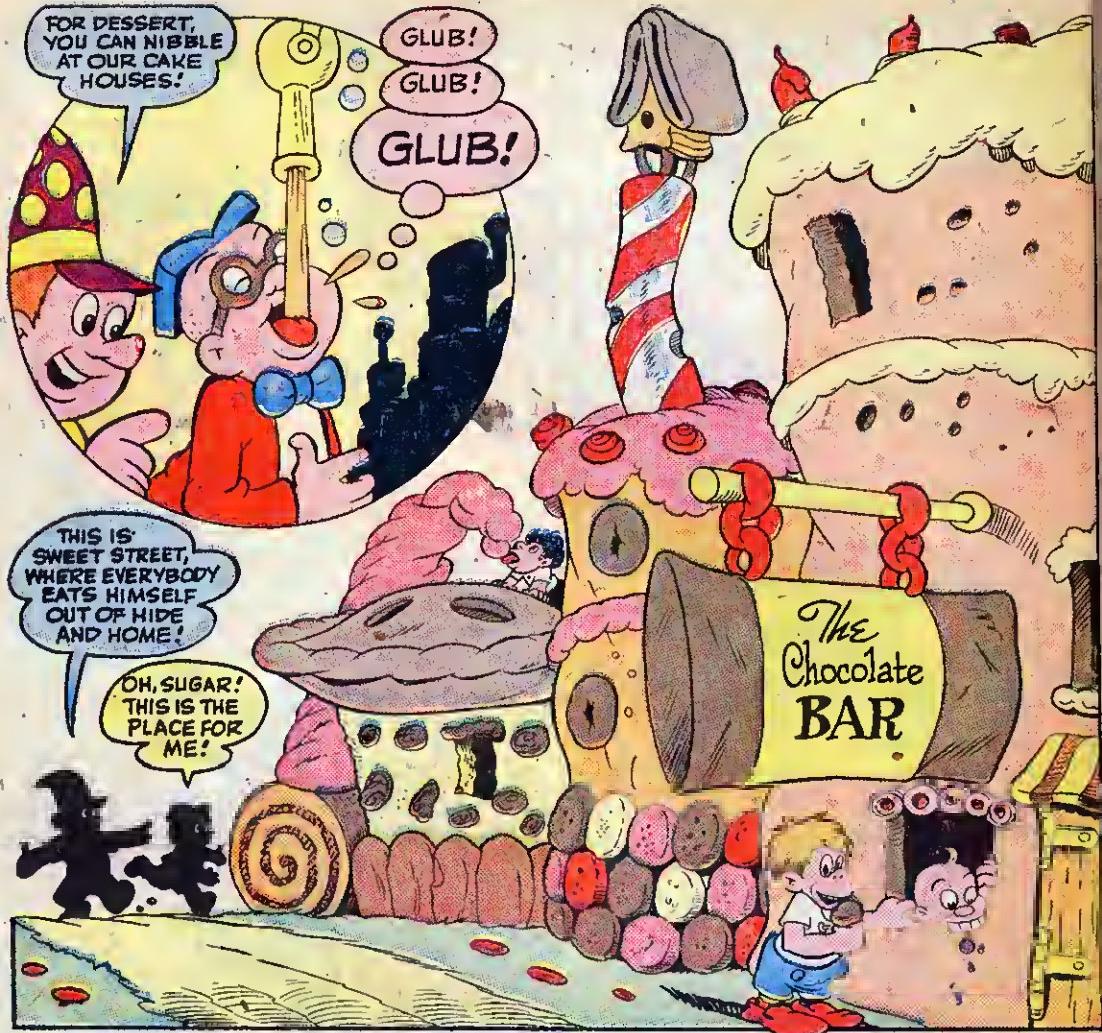


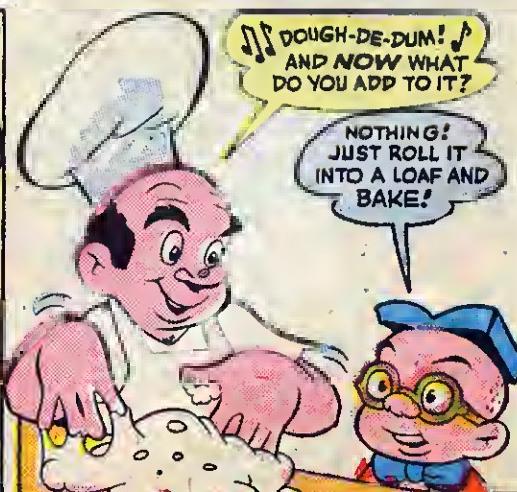
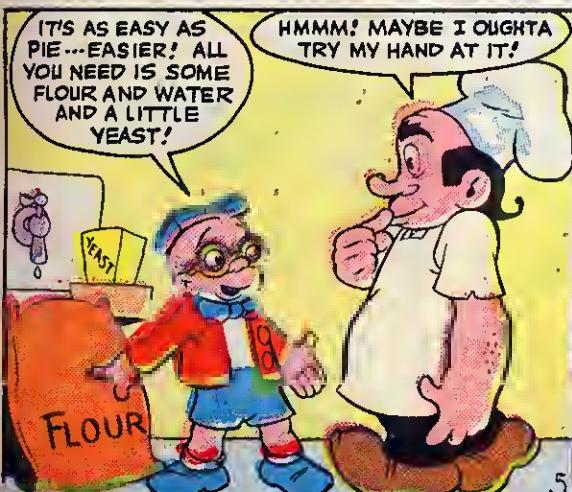
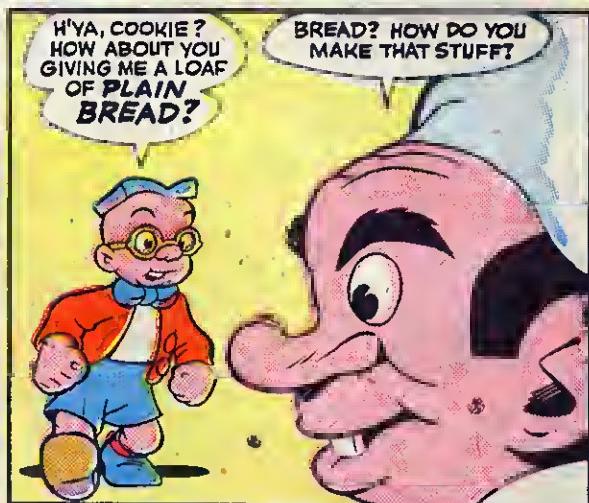
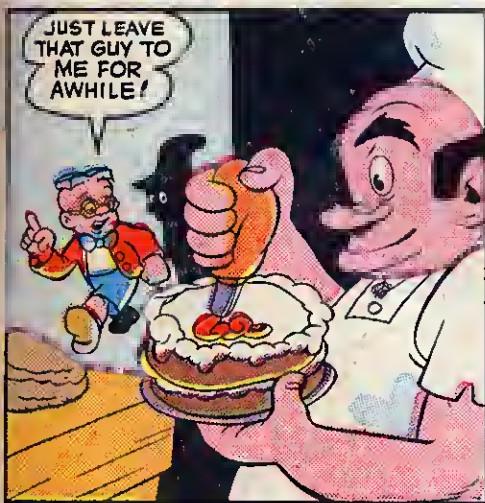
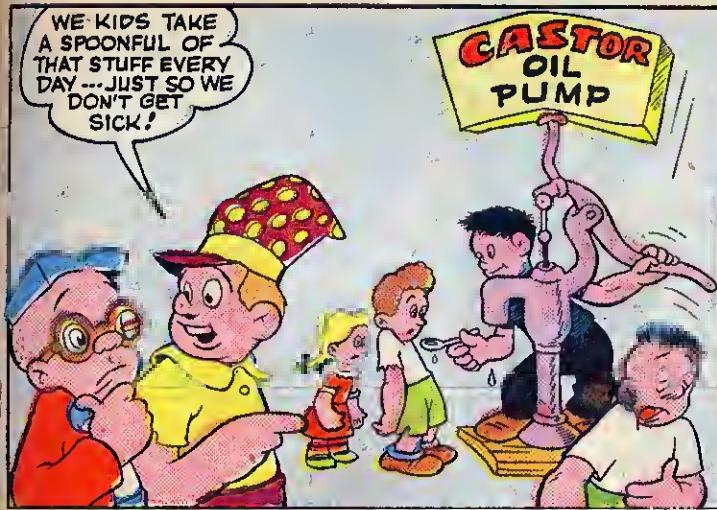
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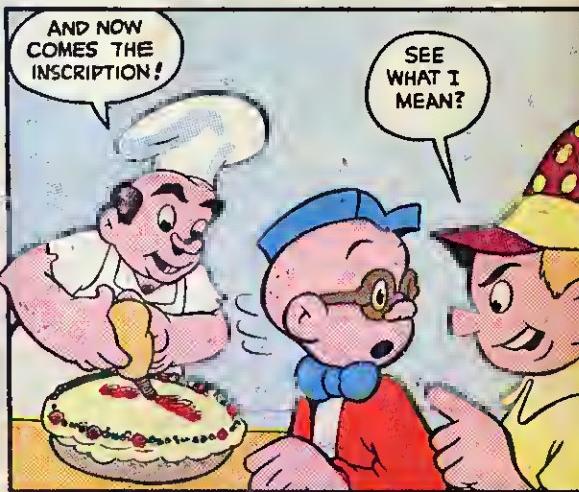
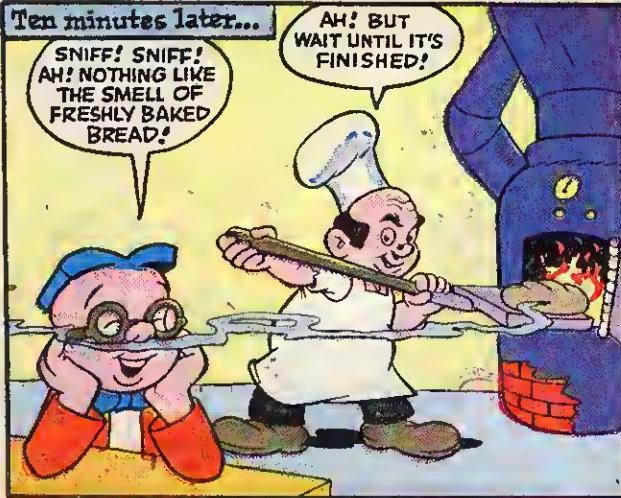




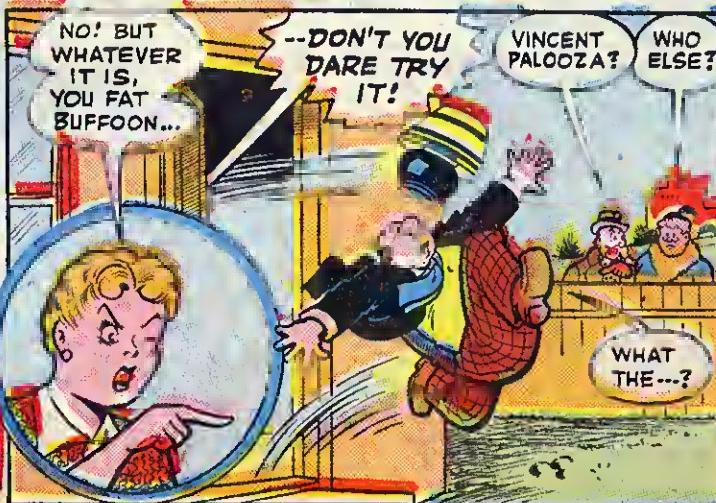


FEATURE COMICS

Ten minutes later...



# LALA PALOOZA



# LALA PALOOZA



# LALA PALOOZA



# SWING SISSON



MUSIC hath charms-----  
But what strange  
and sinister,  
characters some-  
times respond  
to it!

RIEL loved the  
notes of April  
Jordan's violin--  
so much that he  
would have  
**MURDERED**  
for it, had it not  
been for SWING  
SISSON!

It's easy to take your problems to  
Swing Sisson, in his odd moments  
between shows and rehearsals....

YES, MR. SISSON, MY DAUGHTER APRIL  
WANTS YOU TO HEAR HER PLAY THE VIOLIN!  
SHE THINKS YOU'RE THE BEST MAN OF MUSIC  
TODAY! THE INSTRUMENT WAS LEFT TO  
HER BY HER OLD MUSIC TEACHER --  
PROFESSOR KINZI, AN  
ECCENTRIC OLD  
DUCK!

I'LL HELP  
HER IF I CAN,  
MR. JORDAN!

I WISH YOU'D DISCOURAGE  
HER -- SEND HER BACK TO  
SCHOOL! SHE'S TOO FULL  
OF STARDUST AND STAGEY  
DREAMS! MAKE HER  
COME DOWN  
TO EARTH!

I SEE!  
WELL, MAYBE  
SHE'LL LISTEN  
TO ADVICE FROM ME!

A NICE AMERICAN FATHER -- AND  
PROBABLY HIS DAUGHTER'S A  
NICE AMERICAN GIRL WHEN  
SHE'S NOT DREAMING  
ABOUT A JIVE  
CAREER!

HERE  
SHE COMES  
NOW, SWING...  
APRIL JORDAN!



## FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



## FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS

# Poison Ivy

by  
Gill Fox

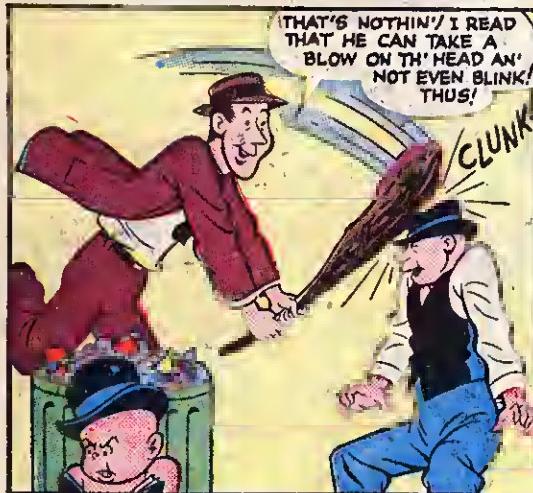
OF COURSE! SAY THAT KID IS TERRIFIC! WHY, ONLY THE OTHER DAY, I SAW POISON IN ACTION!

WELL, IF IT AIN'T OL' BALDY! D'YA STILL BELONG TO TH' POISON IVY FAN CLUB?



THAT'S NOTHIN'! I READ THAT HE CAN TAKE A BLOW ON TH' HEAD AN' NOT EVEN BLINK! THUS!

CLUNK



INTERRUPTIONS! INTERRUPTIONS! I'LL NEVER FINISH THIS CHAPTER!

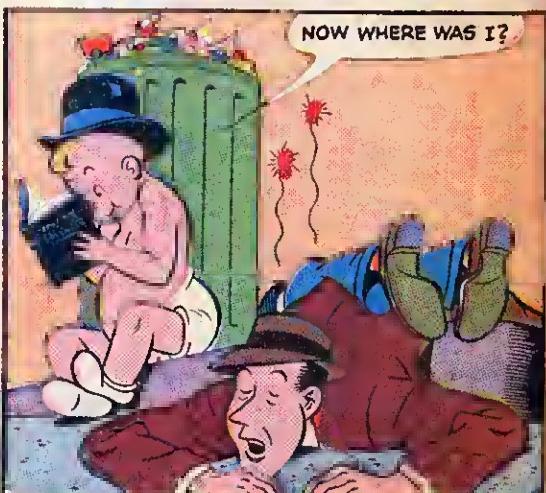


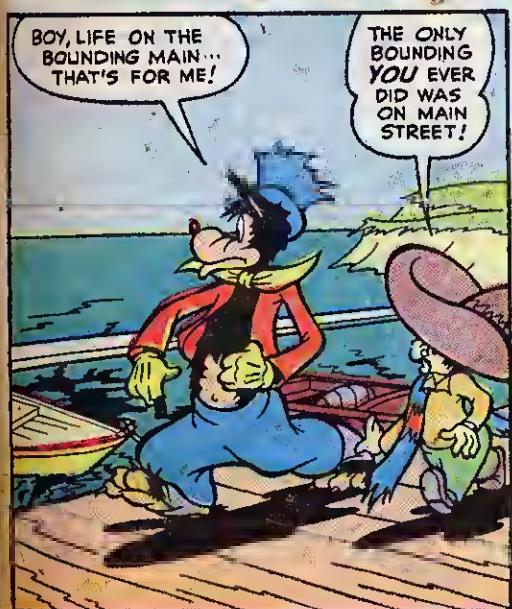
BOP!

BOP!

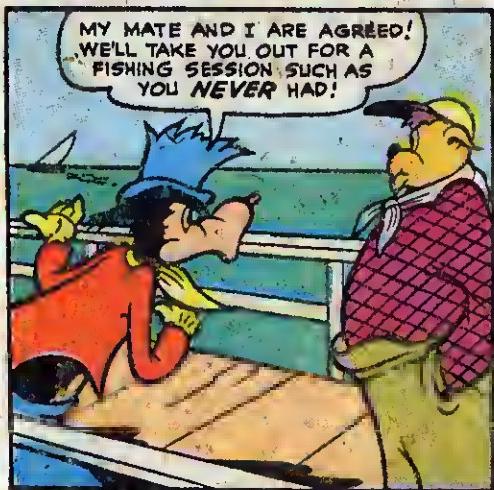


NOW WHERE WAS I?





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Freed of the dock the trio puts out to sea!

HEAVE HO, MY LADS...  
THE WIND BLOWS  
FREE ... TA DA...  
DEE OA!



SAY, CAP'N, ARE WE OUT  
TO CATCH FISH, OR ARE  
YOU TRYING TO RUN  
AWAY FROM EM?



GOSH, HOW IN HECK  
IN ALL THIS WATER,  
CAN YOU TELL WHERE  
THERE'S A FISH?

HEAVE THE ANCHOR,  
MATEY! I JUST SAW  
A SCHOOL OF  
FISH THAT WANTS  
TO PLAY HOOKY!



AYE, AYE, SIR...  
ANCHOR'S  
OVER!

OOPS...!  
MAN  
OVERBOARD!



I CAME ON THIS TRIP  
TO FISH **IN** THE WATER,  
NOT TO BE FISHED  
**OUT** OF IT!

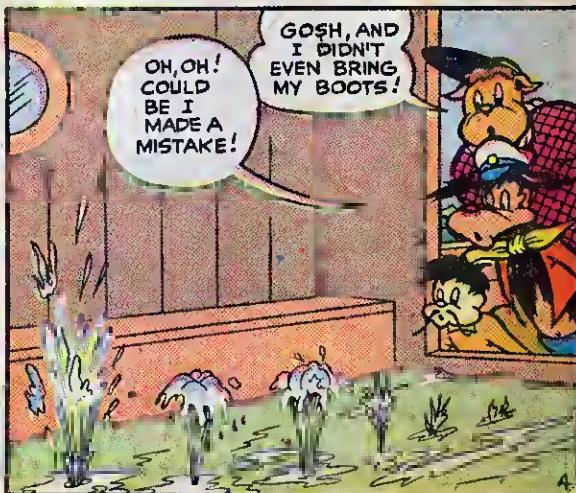
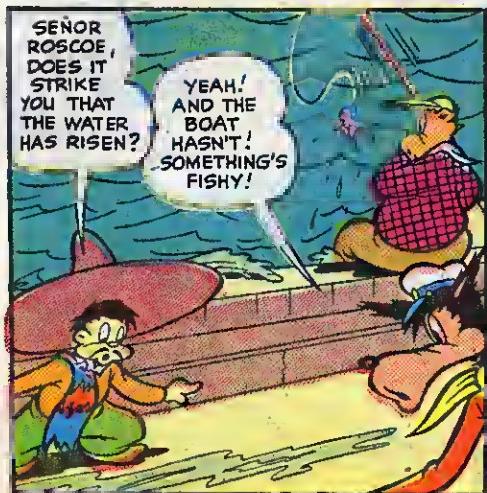
OH, ER... FISH? OF  
COURSE! I'LL GET  
YOUR TACKLE  
READY!



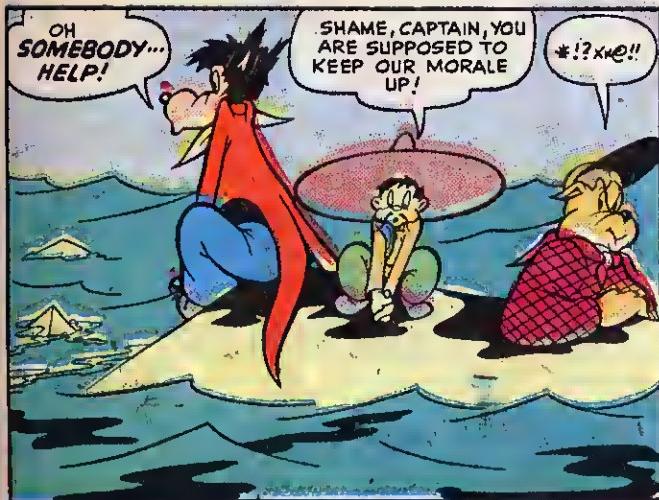
OMIGOSH...  
TACKLE! I  
DON'T REMEMBER  
SEEING ANY ABOARD!  
I'LL HAVE TO RIG  
UP SOMETHING!



## FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



# HOT SKATES

THE Rovers were the outstanding hockey team of all Canada. For three years they had taken everything, won every game, and piled up a rock-hard rep that was the envy of their competitors and the bane of all contenders.

Fant Dane, the captain, was a red-headed blustering fellow that hardly anyone liked—even his players. He had plenty of trouble keeping any of the boys and probably only the money he paid—the highest of any hockey team, it was said—kept any of them on his payroll.

Fant Dane was a Dane who, it was whispered, had been kicked out of Denmark for some escapade that was too terrible to mention. What it was nobody knew; or if anybody did, they didn't mention it.

As for Fant, all he cared about was money. Money, money, money. The sport or the sportsmanship of the great game of hockey was seemingly submerged under his hard greed. If his team lost a game—which they seldom did—Fant became a maniac. Not because he was a bad loser but because he was a bad loser of money.

"Watch him play hockey," people who knew the game would say of Fant. "Watch him. He can play, all right. But his heart isn't in the game. He's thinking of the money he'll get for playing. I don't like a guy like that. Not at all."

Fant's Rovers were a flash. They were booked at all the better rinks and always drew crowds. They played a mighty pretty game, as fast as anything on skates. And it was no use arguing, they usually won.

Their first upset in several months came when they came up against the Buccaneers of Ohio one season. The Buccaneers were not well known; rather it was a cub team that had sprung up under the leadership of a tousled-headed youngster named Rocky Haines. Rocky had been a football end for four years on the Ohio State team, playing hockey in between. Then he suddenly decided he liked hockey better.

Rocky had been a good end, and he made a better hockey player. He studied hard and bent all efforts towards getting a prize team. It took him two seasons to get it. When he had it he went professional, backed by a big packing company in Cleveland.

In a matter of months, Rocky's Buccaneers became a by-word all over the eastern half of the United States. Then he invaded the West Coast and took everything in his stride. He was a terror.

It was in Montreal that Rocky learned against the Rovers in the main hockey event of the year: And it was Rocky's Buccaneers who came off the winners.

That was a mortal blow to Fant Dane, who had looked upon the Ohio players as so much scum. But when he was actually beaten—beaten badly, too—Fant went into a black gloom. He'd get even, yes, he'd get even!

A lot of money had been bet on the Rovers in Montreal, as a lot was always bet on his team wherever he showed up. He was a *sure thing*, as the saying goes. But when he lost to the upstart team from Ohio, there were a lot of bellows among the gamblers. Was Fant losing his grip? Was he getting soft? How come he let a lot of clodhoppers beat him?

These were hard words for Fant Dane to swallow. He was a hard loser. And he had personally lost a pile on the game himself, since he always bet a substantial sum on his own team.

So Dane was in no mood for kidding when the opportunity came again to meet the Ohio whirlwind team of Rocky Haines. This time he'd show the fool! This time he'd restore faith in his own prowess and that of his team's. And he'd make a killing on the side.

It happened that Fant had a chance of watching the Buccaneers play a game against a Quebec team a few nights before his team met Haines' boys. Now, this Quebec group was probably the next best thing to Fant's own. It was being touted high and low as the coming hockey team of the year. It gave Fant some worry.

But imagine his state of mind when Haines' players worked all over the place, mopping up on the Quebec team with as little ease as if they had been playing some back country outfit.

Fant was in a state bordering on insanity as he watched the ease with which the Buccaneers took every goal. And a feeling of dread crept over him. There was no argument, some of

## FEATURE COMICS

those Buccaneers were good! Haines himself was better than good!

But again the big betting was on the Rovers when it came time for the game. After all, they were an old established team; and those things are hard to shake. It's like betting against a horse that has won every one of his starts. Foolish. So thought the gamblers. And laid it on the line in favor of the Rovers.

Fant had a girl friend who was dark, blue-eyed, and owned a neat little beauty shop in hers and Fant's home town of Windsor—where the game between the Buccaneers and Rovers was to take place.

This girl—Ranny was her name—was a smart youngster, who made money because she kept abreast of the times. Her shop had every modern invention—and she installed them as fast as they were introduced on the market. Her latest was some elaborate permanent wave machine that required no heat—that is, the curlers required no manually applied heat. The whole thing worked by radio.

Fant listened as Ranny explained the wonders of her wave machine. He tried to be polite. But in his heart was a grim, deep worry. Why couldn't the fool girl shut up? What did he care for her wave machine, even if it did use radio—Radio? You mean—

The idea that was born in Fant Dane's cagey brain then and there would do justice to a more intelligent person. But the idea was born. It was such a fantastic, utterly crazy idea that Fant laughed out loud.

"Well," said Ranny. "What's so funny?"

"Huh? Oh—nothing, Ranny. I was just thinking of something, that's all. Now what was it you were saying?"

Ranny looked at Fant. "You sure act strange all of a sudden, Fant," she pointed out.

"Strange? Huh!" Fant rubbed his forehead in a habit everyone knew. "Nothing strange about me, Ranny. I was just thinking about a couple of new plays we're working on."

Ranny made an exasperated motion with her head. "Oh, you and your old plays! That's all you think about—plays!"

Fant looked at her crookedly and grinned.

"Mebbe. But this is a very new one, my little chickadee. Wait'll you see it."

"I hear you're not so sure about winning from the Buccaneers. How about it?"

Fant roared with laughter. "Who told you? We'll murder 'em! Wipe 'em off the map! You"

wait and see! With this new play—" Fant left the shop still chuckling.

Fant made elaborate plans the night before the big game. He took one person into his confidence.

The next night, a few minutes before the game was to start, he collared this person and whispered hoarsely:

"Now don't forget, the last quarter you turn it on to 617: Remember—617. It's got to be that station."

The Buccaneers scored twice during the first half, and there were jeers and boos against the Rovers. Fant held his peace. Oh, if they only knew what was going to happen toward the end of the game! Wait till then!

The Buccaneers scored again toward the beginning of the last quarter. People were yelling at the Rovers, calling them dubs and lunks.

Then suddenly the Buccaneers began slowing down. The Rovers scored. Scored again. And again in rapid succession. The crowd took heart. And now the cheering was for the old timers—the unbeatable Rovers.

Between the noise of the game the sound of the radio playing a number could be heard.

A strange thing was happening to the Haines players. Now and then one of his players sunk into the hard ice as if the floor had given way. He tried hard to pull his foot loose as he sped along, and several of them took headers across the ice. The shining surface was scored deep with odd tracks, where their skates tore in deep.

Suddenly Haines called the game to a halt. He had lost—lost badly. He was looking at his skate with rapt attention. He knelt to feel of it. He jerked his hand away. Smoke rose from the skate.

"Hot," he said. Then he fumbled at something under the skate and wrenched it loose. It was a small shiny cylinder. He picked it up and turned it over.

"Hm," he said. "What's this? What makes my skates hot?"

"What makes mine hot, Haines?" one of his players asked. By this time there was a crowd down on the ice. Among them was Ranny. Her eyes opened as she saw the little cylinder.

"Why, that's one of my new wave machine heaters," she cried. "The radio! It's the radio that makes them hot!"

You guessed it. It was the last of Fant Dane and his Rovers.

FEATURE COMICS.

# MICKEY FINN

by LANK LEONARD



## NIPPIE

By Lank Leonard



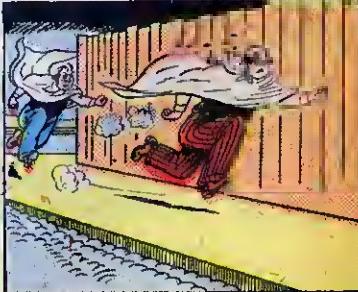
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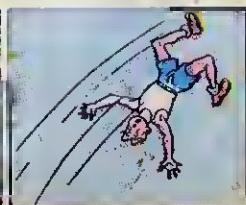
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FEATURE COMICS

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FEATURE COMICS

THE CRYSTAL  
BALL SEES ONLY  
TROUBLE FOR  
YOU THREE!  
UH: NO!  
FOR ME!

PUT AN ADVENTURER  
LIKE RUSTY RYAN IN  
INDIA... AND HE'LL  
MAKE SOMETHING  
OF IT! BUT THROW  
IN A COUPLE OF  
SCREW-BALLS LIKE  
ALABABA AND  
PIERPONT LEE...  
AND PUT ALL THREE  
ON AN ELEPHANT!  
WELL .....

QUIT YOUR MOANING,  
ALABABA! IT WAS  
YOUR IDEA TO  
TAKE THIS  
TRAIL!

OOPS  
WON'T THIS  
ROCKING EVER  
STOP?

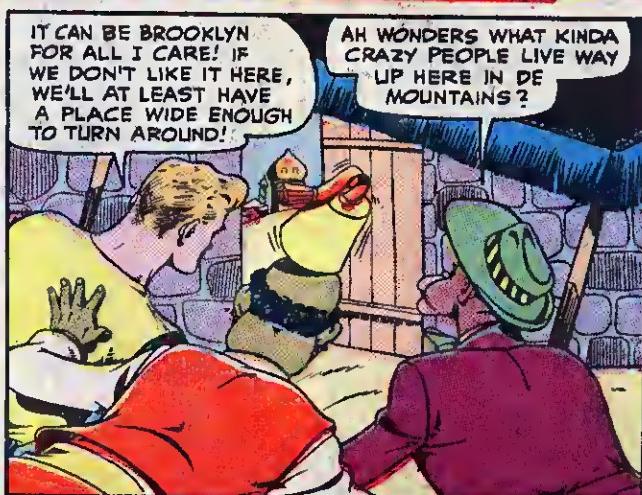
# RUSTY RYAN



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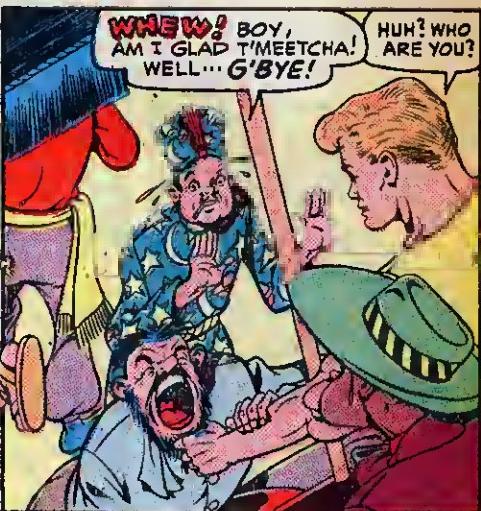


MEBBE IT'S THET  
THERE PLACE  
CALLED SHANGRI-  
LA!

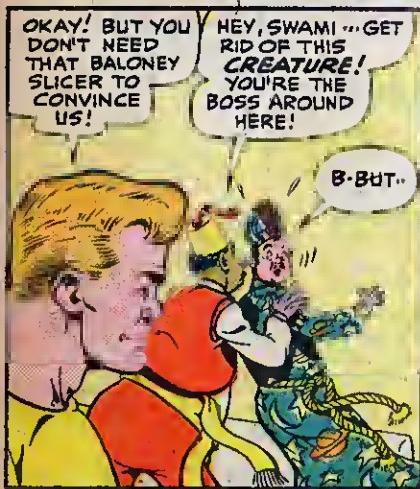


AH WONDERS WHAT KINDA  
CRAZY PEOPLE LIVE WAY  
UP HERE IN DE  
MOUNTAINS?

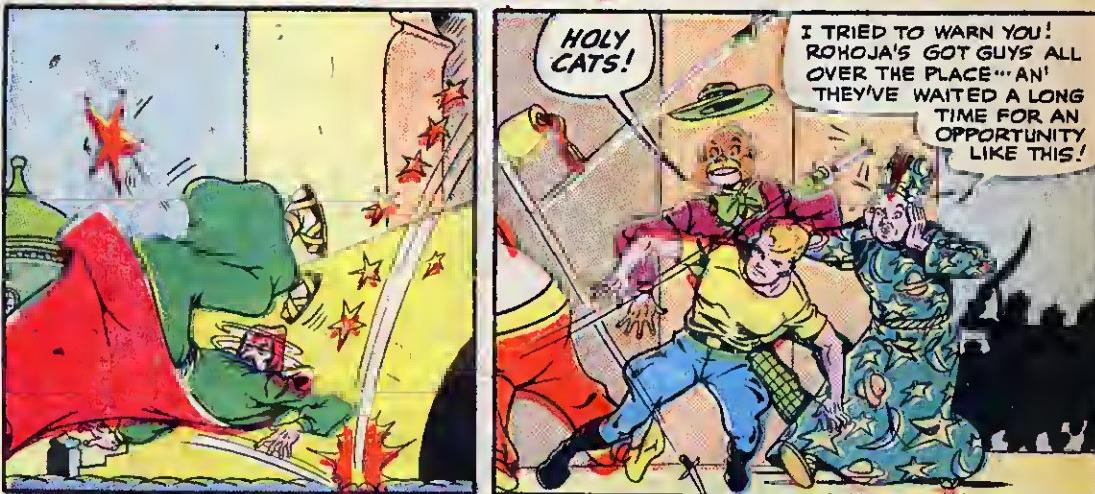




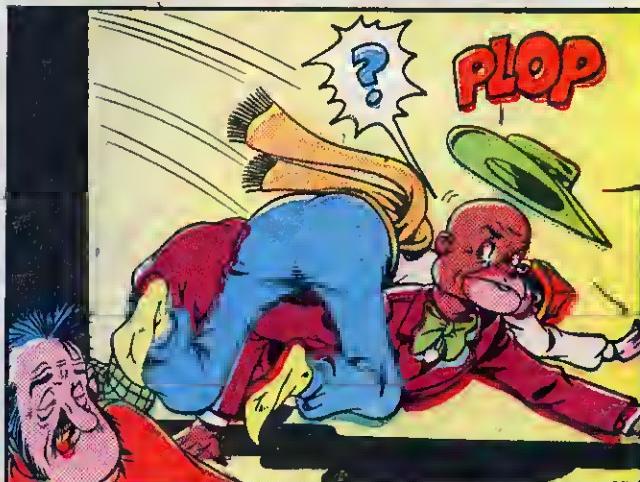
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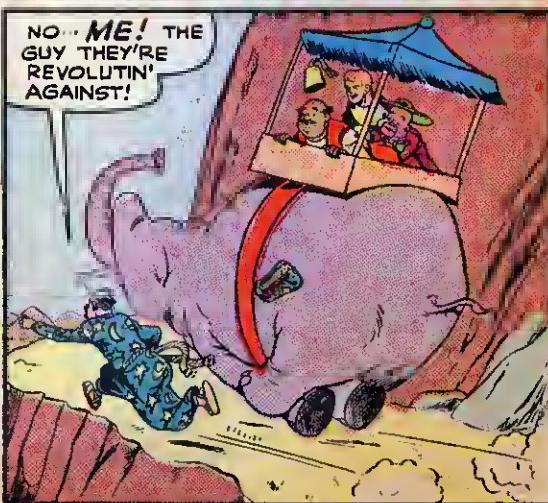
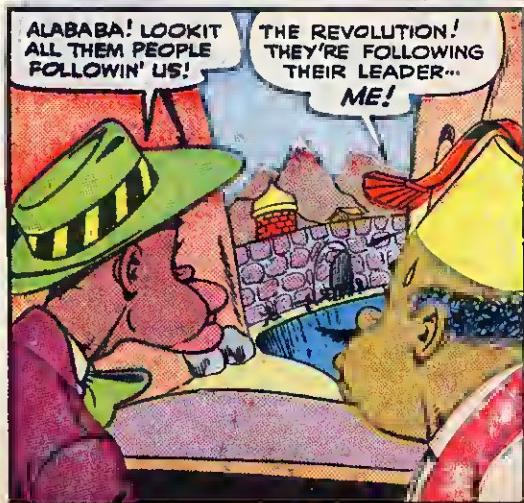
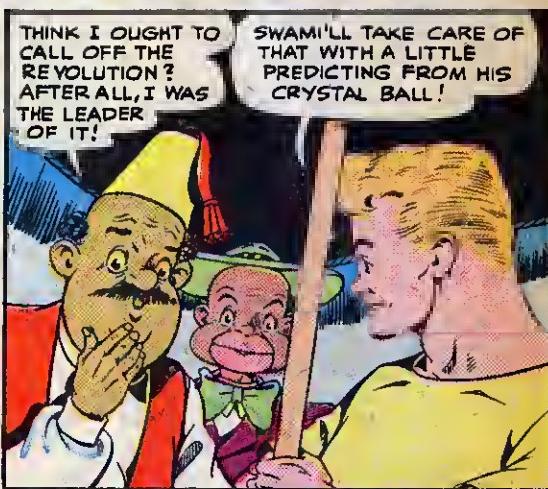
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FOR THE SCHWINN  
SEAL OF QUALITY  
ON THE FRAME  
BENEATH THE SADDLE

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FOR GIRLS'  
BICYCLES, TOO



MERILEE PEDDLES says the new Schwinn-Built Bicycles for girls have rich colors, sturdy streamlined frames—yes, all the great features of the models for boys!



2 WOWIE! I'VE GOTTA NOTIFY TH' POLICE—AN' QUICK! BOY! AM I GLAD I'VE GOT A SCHWINN BIKE SO I CAN TEAR ALONG.

LATER

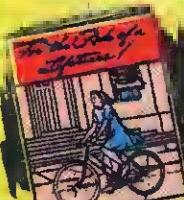
TH' COPS!  
TH' JIGS UP!

3 YOU'LL BE REWARDED  
FOR SAVING THE BANK WITH  
YOUR FAST THINKING, SPEEDY

YOU MEAN FAST RIDING, SIR—I GIVE  
ALL TH' CREDIT  
TO MY SCHWINN  
BIKE!

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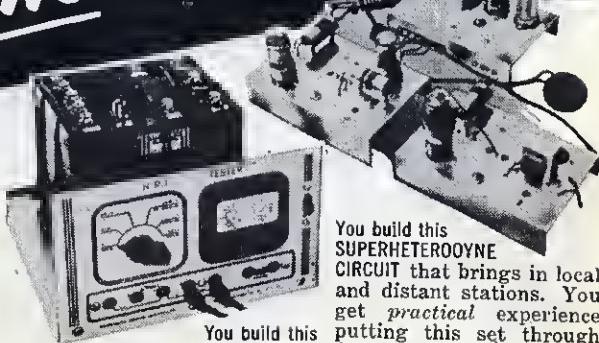
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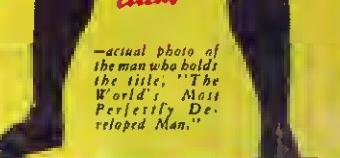
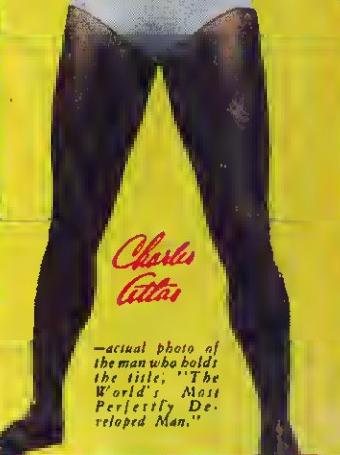
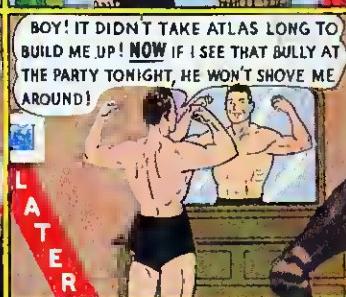
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